

THE CHINESE MISSION TO JAPAN.
A DELICIOUS PROCLAMATION.
It is a well known fact, says our Shanghai
contemporary. In a recent issue, that
Ying-huan, ex-Minister to the United
States, etc. Vice-President of the Chinese

in, but it is not so generally known that this
cial is a Cantonese and that it was the inten-
of the local mandarin to ask the Committee
the Canton and Swatow guilds of Shanghai to
w his Excellency and suite to occupy one or
other of the guild-halls when the mission

In whatever estimation it may be held by a few in Peking and Tientsin, notably the Passy-Dowager and Li Hung-chang, this party is regarded with extreme disfavour by the mass of the nation and especially by the role of Kuanglung, who have given expression to their feelings by passing placards in their

The following is a fair rendering in English of the placards in question :—

Being a well-known fact, it is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the great anger we all feel at the audacity of Japan in first invading our vassal state and now in attacking our frontiers. As when the war began, we did not

...the League, organised the Cauvery Tang, or
Joint A. Association, for the purpose of collecting
subscriptions and organising our sons into
inter bands to assist our Government in the
against the enemy. The signal only was
ed for to see thousands of the sons of
spring joyfully to the rescue of the

er, in order to wipe away the disgrace of country. Our fellow-provincial, Captain Lin-siang, after fighting against superior odds at the mouth of the Yashan river, although left to die, succeeded in escaping from almost certain death. Captain Tang, at the battle near the river, sought death rather than dishonour,

before losing his own. The examples
by such heroic devotion to our
country proved that they were indeed
sons of Kwangtung. Furthermore, we
all aware that our countrymen are
assembled in the North, in fighting bat-
tles as innumerable as the clouds in heaven.

while on the other hand the els opposed to an enemy exhausted by the climate and writhed on account of want of funds and men prosecute the war. Indeed, the maxims of should teach us the importance of playing a game under such circumstances, and at the right moment we will spring upon a writhed enemy and sweep him, man and ship, the tributary state and national territory. A official or commoner would not feel his

st, certain of our fellow provincials who
disgrace to their manhood and have failed
ntably in the confidence of their country,
der to save their own hides and boardings,
not of joining us in a universal spirit of
ance to the last, but are anxious to hem

clous *Wojen* in order to ask for a disgraceful conduct which will bury the five peaks of our province in shame, which all waters of our Pearl River can never cleanse, which will scatter like chaff before the wind patriotism of Kuangtung, famous for tea! Who, ask we, amongst our fellow-provincials here, abroad and some, does not groan when he thinks of this?

When informed of the intended disgrace
heaped upon the name of China by our
fellow-provincials? Yet it is so; and
we learn that these disgrace to our
patriot are coming to Shanghai *en route*.
and on their way to the front.

...now call upon every true patriot and
of Kuangtung to assemble at the altar of
duty and by force of arms even, if necessary,
compel these persons should they dare to
cross the thresholds of either the Canton or
Hakka guilds, and endeavour, if we can,
prevent them from casting this indelible
stain upon the name of Kuangtung.

er, aware of the estimation we con-
sanguine hold them in, try therefore
de their diminished heads and filthy
from us within the shelter of some

(patronymic of Kuangtung province) who try to contravene the unanimous will of the people and endeavour to carry favour with people by associating with them. They rather be avoided by us as the pestilence, no recognition or welcome should be due to these disgraceful of the name of tung, men who, on any other errand but treason, from the fact of being fellow-

unrightly be received by us. But they bring disgrace upon us, and may the God be our witness that this is the will and inclination of the people ! A unanimous nation by the scholars and people of Jung.

John W. Foster, the American lawyer now en route to China from the United States, accompanied by a Chinese envoy from the Chinese government, and who is visiting the Celestial

Government, is one of the most prominent international lawyers in the United States. Monroe declines of the great republic is

by great extent; but, as was demonstrated during Sea Arbitration, Mr. Foster is no authority on the mighty legal quibbles.

native litigation. That able counsel and
ing orator, Mr. Coudert, was America's
piece in the controversy respecting the

rough the laws and drew up the
He was the attorney directing the case;
under was his blurrister expounding it.

large practice, in the matter of
international law, in America. His clients
include, mainly, the Spanish South American

ll. He is a Republican, and, according to the *Yokohama Daily Advertiser*, was the friend of the late James G. Blaine, to

testesman died, Mr. Foster is not a traitor; but he is a man of common sense, experience and clearness.

advantage to the Chinese Government. Should they determine to jump from the boat into the fire and act upon the advice

to revolt against their Manchu rulers.

"Is your name, please?"

of the persons into the cause of whose
are now inquiring."

only servant. I had been with them

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

since their marriage, four years ago about. Yesterday—

"Well?"

"I found them both—dead!"

"Describe, please—take your time!—how you found them?"

"I got up about seven o'clock and began my household work as usual. I first brought the papers in from the verandah, and looked to see whether the House had sat late."

"Never mind that. Tell us how you found the bodies."

"I am coming to that. You see, sir, if the House was sitting late I put breakfast off, and did not take the papers to Mrs. Baird's room. I saw the House had not sat late, so I was taking the papers upstairs when—"

"What?"

"I had to pass the room in which Mr. Baird used to keep his books and papers and do his writing. The door was open, and I was surprised to see him sitting at the table. The blinds were down, and the lamp, which was still burning, was a dim, so, at first, I thought him asleep—fallen asleep over his reading."

"What did you do?"

"I did not disturb him—I thought he would not like it, so I went up to his bedroom, intending to wake Mrs. Baird so that she might rouse him. I knocked at the room-door, but got no answer, so went in and drew up the blinds. Then I went to the bed and touched Mrs. Baird to wake her. She was dead."

"Describe how you found her."

"She was lying in bed, just as if she was asleep—just as she has been lying at other times when I have gone in when Mr. Baird has been away from home."

"Were there any signs of disturbance in her dress—the bed-clothes?"

"Were neat and undisturbed—at least, nothing more than ordinary—and I think of it, not so much."

"And she was dead?"

"Quite dead, sir—cold and cold."

"What did you do then?"

"I rushed down stairs to Mr. Baird's room—"

"His study?"

"They did not call it a study. They called it the 'Den.' And when Mrs. Baird was in a teasing humor she would speak of it as 'The Bear's Den.'"

"Ah! And you went to the 'Den'?"

"Yes—to rouse Mr. Baird. I hardly knew what I was doing—I was so startled, but that was my idea, I know!"

"And you found—?"

"That he was dead, too. I remember now I put my hand on his shoulder—"

"Was he lying upright?"

"No, his head was bent on his clasped hands, which rested upon the table. I called him, and shook him, and then I knew he was dead."

"What did you do then?"

"I don't know—for some time I was stupid, dazed."

"Did you faint?"

"I think I did, sir. After a time, I went to the neighbours, and told them. They sent for the police—who have had charge of the house since."

"There was a long pause. Then the coroner asked, with a stident emphasis—"

"What did you do with the chloral bottle—or bottles?"

"The—chloral, sir?" The witness was confused for the first time during her examination.

"Yes, the chloral. The medical testimony is that death in both cases resulted from chloral poisoning."

"It was overdoses, sir, overdoses—I'm sure of it!"

"Ah, how can you be sure of it? But we'll come back to that again. Where are the chloral bottles?"

"No answer. The question was repeated sternly. Still the witness's lips were closed."

"I am very serious with you, witness! The presumption is that you removed the bottle or bottles of chloral before you notified the neighbours. Did you?"

"Outragedly she answered at last: 'Yes—yes! But I'm sure they both took overdoses!'"

"To what place did you remove the drug?"

"I'll go and get them, sir—I will, sir!"

"Where were two bottles, or was there only one?"

"Two."

"Where were they when you first saw them?"

"One on the little table by Mrs. Baird's bed—the other in her hands."

"You removed them before you went for the neighbours?"

"The witness nodded."

"Now—where to?"

"At the Baird's house."

"Yes—I'll go and get them, sir!"

"An officer will go with you, Sergeant—"

"Oh, never mind, sir—I'll really bring 'em, I will. The sergeant needn't bother."

"You are in the court's hands, witness. The officer must go with you, or alone. I can empower him to search for the drug."

"I will—go, sir!"

"Before we resume, gentlemen, the examination of the witness Marson, the sergeant of police will testify as to his finding the chloral."

"My name is William Marson. I am a sergeant of police attached to No. 33 Division. Yesterday morning I was placed by Inspector Phillips in charge of this enquiry."

envelope addressed 'Edward' and the other unopened, but marked 'Felicia,' were lying upon the top of your clothes? Bearing in mind that the deceased Mr. Baird's Christian name was Edward, and Mrs. Baird's 'Felicia,' how do you explain the presence of these letters in your box?"

"No answer."

"For some reason or other, witness, you are endeavouring to deceive the Court. You have made statements that are misleading, as well as others that are directly false. I might commit you for perjury—I might even cause your arrest on suspicion of having murdered Mr. and Mrs. Baird—"

"I murder them! That is good! Why, I was too fond of them both!"

"Then why seek to pervert the course of justice? This lady and gentleman may have been murdered."

"No—it was an overdose to each!"

"That is the third time you have made that statement. It implies a specific knowledge of how they met their deaths. What do you mean?"

"Oh, with a sudden blaze into a pale red wrath, 'If you must know, read the letters!'"

"Before I read the letters I wish you to prove they bear on the inquiry. You found the letters, where?"

"The one in the envelope on Mrs. Baird's table under the chloral bottle, the other between Mr. Baird's fingers."

"Then you removed them at the same time that you removed the chloral bottles?"

"A motion of assent."

"Why?"

"No answer."

"Was that before you called in the neighbours, or after?"

"Before!"

"The jury will please listen closely. This letter is evidently written by the male deceased, and the witness Marson has now proved that it was taken from his hand:—"

Midnight.

Sweetheart,—To-night, at dinner, I made up my mind to adjust finally our relations. How, I did not then see. It was only during the course of a debate in the House that the solution of our difficulties to which I have come suggested itself. And that is, dearest—my death. I love you so well that I can give up fame for you by giving up life; and yet, somehow, I do not love you well enough to subject myself to the daily torture of living with a woman who has no sympathy with my toils, with my aims, with my dreams—"

"Who stabs me daily with her desires to understand me no less acutely than she wounds me with her misunderstandings. We have tried now for four years to get closer to one another—and yet we are never so close as when we arrive at the point of mutual toleration. I'll love you less, life with you would be easier. If you loved me less you would be happier; but as with all our constant friction our passion seems to become the stronger—I love you immeasurably more than I did when I courted you—I feel that the dawning of each day, while it throws open a new treasury of affection, in the same moment widens the current of bitterness that divides while uniting us. Men say I have a right, but the reason of this severance in regard, this love in hatred, defies attempts to discover it. Al! I know it, that, while at all times your mere presence is a delight to me, there are frequent moments when your voice is an outrage. Never in manner, even your caress, an outrage. Never otherwise than loving and tender; ever anxious to understand me and to forestall my wants, there is in you some fatal element of incapacity, or, in myself, some dreadful unreasonableness, some terrible craving that has its roots in brutal selfishness. And so, dearest, I think it best to spoil your life no longer. The fault is not yours—but in me—the perverse nature of things. You will find my affairs in order—my insurance policy is indefeasible, even by suicide. And others beside you know that I am a choleric drinker. The empty bottle, following upon an excited night in Parliament, will be sufficient explanation to the world. When you wake in the early morning and miss me from your side, you will come down to the Den and find this in my hand. Keep it to yourself, beloved—and the sole explanation of the world will receive will be an overdose of chloral. To-morrow the town will give a start of mild surprise—and in the next moment, forget 'the rising public man.' Do you, sweetheart, forget me, if not as soon, at least soon—E."

"Here, then, gentlemen, we have an explanation of Mr. Baird's death—we cannot yet say what it is in the true explanation. I now turn to the letter found according to the witness Marson by the dead lady's bedside. This, unlike the other, is enclosed in an envelope which I open. It runs so:—"

10 o'clock.

My Darling Husband,—It was borne in upon me to-night, after our difference at the dinner-table, that the one way open to me to prove my love to, dear, to leave you free to obey the impulses of your great talents. On all hands I hear you spoken of with admiration, and the very strength of the criticism you and your speeches call forth, I am told, is a tribute to your prowess, though the bitter words pain me like a blow. And it is this that convinces me I should leave you. If I were cleverer or wiser I should, perhaps, understand better how it is, and why it is, that you are both praised and censured. But being what I am, only a simple woman, who has no power but that of loving, while I plot for the praise, I resent the censure, and I feel it so, it must be one of those things which you so often tell me I can't understand. And it seems to me, dearest, that is the root of all our discord—that I can't understand you, or your motives, or your methods of work. I strive honestly to do so—I read, and I try to think, but I cannot, do what I will, feel an interest in these political things which interest you and fascinate you. I would not for a moment suggest you are wrong, but sometimes I fancy you do not see the difference between a man who has countless interests outside of his home and a woman who has none. I am only a woman, who can't do anything except love, at pray, and keep home, things with which you have no sympathy that lasts long. Not that you love me faded, dearest. No, no! I am going into the Dark—but it is not dark utterly, for your love is so strong that it will light me across the grave. What I mean is that to me, love is supreme; to you, your ambition is the one thing which you would not part with. But why should I write this? I don't know—except that I feel, dear, this heart that will not beat much longer, yet beats quicker at the thought—that my words may induce you to make sure of yourself, and of Mrs. Baird, should you take another wife to your home! Dearest, let her understand you—or, at least, do you understand her! Blind not another weakling to your strength, no other poor, ignorant soul with no talent, but that of loving to your greatness. Heaven knows that I have striven to be worthy of you—to bring myself to the level of your judgment! Yet, that I have failed I know. You bade me be honest always—never to affect a knowledge that I had not. Well, I've been that—I have confessed my ignorance—and when you have not burst out with your proud contempt, you yet—know, suffered the more acutely from pity for my silliness. And so, dear, thinking this way, I will no longer bar the way to your ascent. If I had brains, they should be as wings to my heart's ambition; and I hug this thought to my heart's content. For it is my love that prompts me to die."

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"Who stabs me daily with her desires to understand me no less acutely than she wounds me with her misunderstandings. We have tried now for four years to get closer to one another—and yet we are never so close as when we arrive at the point of mutual toleration. I'll love you less, life with you would be easier. If you loved me less you would be happier; but as with all our constant friction our passion seems to become the stronger—I love you immeasurably more than I did when I courted you—I feel that the dawning of each day, while it throws open a new treasury of affection, in the same moment widens the current of bitterness that divides while uniting us. Men say I have a right, but the reason of this severance in regard, this love in hatred, defies attempts to discover it. Al! I know it, that, while at all times your mere presence is a delight to me, there are frequent moments when your voice is an outrage. Never in manner, even your caress, an outrage. Never otherwise than loving and tender; ever anxious to understand me and to forestall my wants, there is in you some fatal element of incapacity, or, in myself, some dreadful unreasonableness, some terrible craving that has its roots in brutal selfishness. And so, dearest, I think it best to spoil your life no longer. The fault is not yours—but in me—the perverse nature of things. You will find my affairs in order—my insurance policy is indefeasible, even by suicide. And others beside you know that I am a choleric drinker. The empty bottle, following upon an excited night in Parliament, will be sufficient explanation to the world. When you wake in the early morning and miss me from your side, you will come down to the Den and find this in my hand. Keep it to yourself, beloved—and the sole explanation of the world will receive will be an overdose of chloral. To-morrow the town will give a start of mild surprise—and in the next moment, forget 'the rising public man.' Do you, sweetheart, forget me, if not as soon, at least soon—E."

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"Who stabs me daily with her desires to understand me no less acutely than she wounds me with her misunderstandings. We have tried now for four years to get closer to one another—and yet we are never so close as when we arrive at the point of mutual toleration. I'll love you less, life with you would be easier. If you loved me less you would be happier; but as with all our constant friction our passion seems to become the stronger—I love you immeasurably more than I did when I courted you—I feel that the dawning of each day, while it throws open a new treasury of affection, in the same moment widens the current of bitterness that divides while uniting us. Men say I have a right, but the reason of this severance in regard, this love in hatred, defies attempts to discover it. Al! I know it, that, while at all times your mere presence is a delight to me, there are frequent moments when your voice is an outrage. Never in manner, even your caress, an outrage. Never otherwise than loving and tender; ever anxious to understand me and to forestall my wants, there is in you some fatal element of incapacity, or, in myself, some dreadful unreasonableness, some terrible craving that has its roots in brutal selfishness. And so, dearest, I think it best to spoil your life no longer. The fault is not yours—but in me—the perverse nature of things. You will find my affairs in order—my insurance policy is indefeasible, even by suicide. And others beside you know that I am a choleric drinker. The empty bottle, following upon an excited night in Parliament, will be sufficient explanation to the world. When you wake in the early morning and miss me from your side, you will come down to the Den and find this in my hand. Keep it to yourself, beloved—and the sole explanation of the world will receive will be an overdose of chloral. To-morrow the town will give a start of mild surprise—and in the next moment, forget 'the rising public man.' Do you, sweetheart, forget me, if not as soon, at least soon—E."

"Here, then, gentlemen, we have an explanation of Mr. Baird's death—we cannot yet say what it is in the true explanation. I now turn to the letter found according to the witness Marson by the dead lady's bedside. This, unlike the other, is enclosed in an envelope which I open. It runs so:—"

10 o'clock.

My Darling Husband,—It was borne in upon me to-night, after our difference at the dinner-table, that the one way open to me to prove my love to, dear, to leave you free to obey the impulses of your great talents. On all hands I hear you spoken of with admiration, and the very strength of the criticism you and your speeches call forth, I am told, is a tribute to your prowess, though the bitter words pain me like a blow. And it is this that convinces me I should leave you. If I were cleverer or wiser I should, perhaps, understand better how it is, and why it is, that you are both praised and censured. But being what I am, only a simple woman, who has no power but that of loving, while I plot for the praise, I resent the censure, and I feel it so, it must be one of those things which you so often tell me I can't understand. And it seems to me, dearest, that is the root of all our discord—that I can't understand you, or your motives, or your methods of work. I strive honestly to do so—I read, and I try to think, but I cannot, do what I will, feel an interest in these political things which interest you and fascinate you. I would not for a moment suggest you are wrong, but sometimes I fancy you do not see the difference between a man who has countless interests outside of his home and a woman who has none. I am only a woman, who can't do anything except love, at pray, and keep home, things with which you have no sympathy that lasts long. Not that you love me faded, dearest. No, no! I am going into the Dark—but it is not dark utterly, for your love is so strong that it will light me across the grave. What I mean is that to me, love is supreme; to you, your ambition is the one thing which you would not part with. But why should I write this? I don't know—except that I feel, dear, this heart that will not beat much longer, yet beats quicker at the thought—that my words may induce you to make sure of yourself, and of Mrs. Baird, should you take another wife to your home! Dearest, let her understand you—or, at least, do you understand her! Blind not another weakling to your strength, no other poor, ignorant soul with no talent, but that of loving to your greatness. Heaven knows that I have striven to be worthy of you—to bring myself to the level of your judgment! Yet, that I have failed I know. You bade me be honest always—never to affect a knowledge that I had not. Well, I've been that—I have confessed my ignorance—and when you have not burst out with your proud contempt, you yet—know, suffered the more acutely from pity for my silliness. And so, dear, thinking this way, I will no longer bar the way to your ascent. If I had brains, they should be as wings to my heart's ambition; and I hug this thought to my heart's content. For it is my love that prompts me to die."

IV.

"The jury will please listen closely. This letter is evidently written by the male deceased, and the witness Marson has now proved that it was taken from his hand:—"

Midnight.

Sweetheart,—To-night, at dinner, I made up my mind to adjust finally our relations. How, I did not then see. It was only during the course of a debate in the House that the solution of our difficulties to which I have come suggested itself. And that is, dearest—my death. I love you so well that I can give up fame for you by giving up life; and yet, somehow, I do not love you well enough to subject myself to the daily torture of living with a woman who has no sympathy with my toils, with my aims, with my dreams—"

"Who stabs me daily with her desires to understand me no less acutely than she wounds me with her misunderstandings. We have tried now for four years to get closer to one another—and yet we are never so close as when we arrive at the point of mutual toleration. I'll love you less, life with you would be easier. If you loved me less you would be happier; but as with all our constant friction our passion seems to become the stronger—I love you immeasurably more than I did when I courted you—I feel that the dawning of each day, while it throws open a new treasury of affection, in the same moment widens the current of bitterness that divides while uniting us. Men say I have a right, but the reason of this severance in regard, this love in hatred, defies attempts to discover it. Al! I know it, that, while at all times your mere presence is a delight to me, there are frequent moments when your voice is an outrage. Never in manner, even your caress, an outrage. Never otherwise than loving and tender; ever anxious to understand me and to forestall my wants, there is in you some fatal element of incapacity, or, in myself, some dreadful unreasonableness, some terrible craving that has its roots in brutal selfishness. And so, dearest, I think it best to spoil your life no longer. The fault is not yours—but in me—the perverse nature of things. You will find my affairs in order—my insurance policy is indefeasible, even by suicide. And others beside you know that I am a choleric drinker. The empty bottle, following upon an excited night in Parliament, will be sufficient explanation to the world. When you wake in the early morning and miss me from your side, you will come down to the Den and find this in my hand. Keep it to yourself, beloved—and the sole explanation of the world will receive will be an overdose of chloral. To-morrow the town will give a start of mild surprise—and in the next moment, forget 'the rising public man.' Do you, sweetheart, forget me, if not as soon, at least soon—E."

"Here, then, gentlemen, we have an explanation of Mr. Baird's death—we cannot yet say what it is in the true explanation. I now turn to the letter found according to the witness Marson by the dead lady's bedside. This, unlike the other, is enclosed in an envelope which I open. It runs so:—"

Or you dearest, dearest husband. It is my love that bids me lay my life at the feet of your fame. —God be with you ever, Felicia.

"That is the poor lady's letter, gentlemen—"

"There is a postscript over the page, sir!" said a jurymen.

"Ah! I did not see that. It completes the evidence, gentlemen. Listen!—"

P.S.—I have taken the contents, 11 p.m., of one of your chloral phials. Say, dearest, that I was in the habit of taking the drug—only Jane will know that was not so. I will leave this so that you will see it when you come from the House. Be sure, dearest, and keep it to yourself. The world must not know. And you, Ned, you will never know how much I loved you!—Your F.

"Gentlemen, these letters sadly simplify our duty."

"I wish to ask the witness Marson one question, Mr. Coroner," said a juror.

The witness was recalled.

"Did your master and mistress ever quarrel?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Baird never quarrelled outright. He would say sharp words, but almost instantly beg her forgiveness."

"How—can you remember an instance?"

"One night he was waking up and down the room, looking as if his thoughts were far away. She read out to him some paragraph from a paper—a funny paragraph. He stopped in his walk—and damned her. Her baby prattle, he said, had made him lose grip of the finest thoughts he had had for many a day. A few moments later he craved her pardon."

"What a pair of fools!" muttered a jurymen, with pendulous fatness of cheeks and white-vested complacency of body.

"Fools!" repeated the witness. "Fools! Who are you to think you understand? Why, perhaps you thought I was committing perjury for the love of it, and not for the love of them! Fools!" "Price Warms," in Sydney Bulletin.

Today's Advertisements.

ONE WEEK LONGER.

D'ARC'S BIJOU THEATRE, (NEW PRAYA RECLAMATION).

D'ARC'S FANTOCHES FRANCAISES (MARIONETTES). EVERY EVENING AT 9 P.M.

The Most Unique and Comfortable Place of Amusement Ever Erected in the Metropolis.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. TONIGHT (WEDNESDAY), SPECIAL PROGRAMME.

NEW SONGS AND DANCES. CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

By special request Mrs. VANDYKE BROWN will Sing "THE ALABAMA COON."

LAST GRAND MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT.

REDUCED PRICES: 1st and 2nd Row Boxes...\$2.00 per seat. 3rd...1.50 4th...1.00 5th...0.50 6th...0.25

Children half-price, except to Gallery.

Men of H. M. Army and Navy half-price, except to Gallery.

PLAN at Messrs. KELLY & WALSH'S, LD. Hongkong, 23rd January, 1895. [130]

ROBINSON CRUSOE, A GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME. Will be Produced on the following dates: 30th JANUARY, 4th, 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th and 23rd FEBRUARY, at 9 P.M. each Evening.

The Leading Parts will be played by Messrs. FULLOCK, BRADY, CALDWELL, GRACE and LAPRAIK, and Messdames D. E. BROWN and HAGEN.

A Special Late Train will run 15 minutes after the fall of the Curtain on each of the above dates. TICKETS can be obtained of Messrs. LAWE, CRAWFORD & Co. on and after THURSDAY, the 24th January, at 10 A.M.

BOOKS OF THE WORDS OF THE SONGS, Illustrated by Mr. H. W. BIRD, can be obtained at the Bookings Office, Price 50 cents. Only a Limited Number of Copies Available. Hongkong, 23rd January, 1895. [141]

DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED. FOR SWATOW. The Company's Steamship "FORMOSA" Captain T. P. Hall, will be despatched for the Port on FRIDAY, the 25th instant, at Daylight.

For Freight or Passage, apply to DOUGLAS, LAPRAIK & Co., General Managers. Hongkong, 23rd January, 1895. [143]

"MOGUL" LINE OF STEAMERS. FOR NEW YORK, VIA SUEZ CANAL. THE Steamship "PATHAN" Captain Wright, will be despatched for the above Port on WEDNESDAY, the 30th instant, at 5 P.M., instead of as previously advertised. For Freight or Passage, apply to DODWELL, CARLILL & Co., Agents. Hongkong, 23rd January, 1895. [145]

GOVERNMENT NOTIFICATION. IT is proposed to carry out GUN PRACTICE between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. on SATURDAY next, the 30th instant, from Stonecutters' Island, South shore, in Westerly and South-westerly directions. All Ships, Junks, and other Vessels are cautioned to keep clear of the ranges.

By Command, J. H. STEWART LOCKHART, Acting Colonial Secretary. Colonial Secretary's Office, Hongkong, 22nd January, 1895. [144]

VICTORIA PRECEPTORY. A REGULAR MEETING OF THE VICTORIA PRECEPTORY will be held in the FARM MASON'S HALL, Zealand Street, on WEDNESDAY, the 30th instant, at 5 for 5.30 p.m. promptly. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend. Hongkong, 23rd January, 1895. [146]

Intimations. OF UNDOUBTED MERIT. TRY IT! CHAMPAGNE BITTERS. TO BE HAD AT ALL CLUBS AND HOTEL BARS, OR FROM WATKINS & CO., THE APOTHECARIES' HALL. 66, Queen's Road Central. [13]

Hotels. PEAK HOTEL. OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND. THIS commodious and well appointed HOTEL, situated at a height of 1,350 feet above sea-level, has just been thoroughly re-decorated, renovated and re-furnished, and a NEW WING has been built, which commands magnificent Views of the Harbour and mainland of China.

SPECIAL WINTER RATES, (FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO MARCH 1ST). One person, per day...\$2.50 to \$3.00 One person, per month...\$75 to \$90 Married couple (occupying one room) per day...\$4.00 to \$4.50 Married couple (occupying one room) per month...\$120 to \$135 Married couple (occupying two rooms) per month...\$150 to \$165 Extra Bed-room, per month...20.00 For further particulars, apply to MANAGER, New Victoria Hotel. Hongkong, 16th October, 1894. [126]

BAY VIEW HOTEL. THE "RAMSGATE" OF HONGKONG, (On Shaw-Mwan Road.) THE POPULAR SUMMER RESORT, and TERMINUS of the only pleasure DRIVE to be had on the Island. "BAY VIEW" occupies the best situation on the Shaw-Mwan Road, commands an excellent view of the Harbour, and is always open to the cool breezes from the Southward. Steam-launches can at any time come alongside the jetty adjoining the spacious lawn.

To the other attractions of this popular resort BATHING PAVILIONS have been added, and a LAUNCH runs from the NEW PEDDER'S WHARF to BAY VIEW every half-hour after 5 P.M. daily.

Private Dinners or Tiffin prepared in First-class style on the shortest notice, and Meals can be served at all hours.

Hongkong, 19th August, 1894. [129]

FUJITSU HOTEL, MIYANOSHITA, HAKONE. Four and a half hours from Yokohama.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION. NATURAL HOT SPRINGS. THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN ALL THE BUILDINGS.

TWO ENGLISH BILLIARD TABLES. EXCELLENT CUISINE. SPECIAL RATES MADE FOR A PROLONGED STAY. S. N. YAMAGUCHI, Proprietor.

THE ROYAL STAG HOTEL, (Late the STAG HOTEL).—Established in 1887.—Nos. 148/150, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

THIS POPULAR HOTEL has recently been thoroughly renovated and, under new and experienced Management, offers Accommodation at most reasonable rates to BOARDERS and VISITORS, unsurpassed in the Colony.

THE BED-ROOMS are Commodious and Comfortably FURNISHED, with HOT, COLD and SHOWER BATHS, and in addition, to a WELL APPOINTED BAR, with GRILL-ROOM attached, there are DINING, BILLIARD and SMOKING ROOMS, with every convenience.

THE CUISINE is in able and experienced hands, and only the best brands of WINES, SPIRITS and MALT LIQUORS are kept. For terms, &c., apply to THE MANAGER, Royal Stag Hotel. Hongkong, 3rd November, 1894. [138]

THOMAS' GRILL ROOMS, (Corner of Queen's Road and Duddell Street.) THE Undersigned has always thought that such a place as this was the one thing needed to fit in between HOTEL LIFE and the PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE—providing it be First-class in every detail. A place where one may have his GRILLED CHOP or STEAK at any hour of the Day, up to 11 P.M.; or later if notice be given. He is also prepared to SUPPLY MEALS in PRIVATE PARTIES, and MENUS or COOKS, for same, and Cash, Terms—

Breakfast...per meal...\$0.75...per Month...\$22.50 Dinner...per meal...\$1.00...per Month...\$30.00 Breakfast, Tiffin and Dinner...per Meal...\$2.50...per Month...\$75.00 Tiffin and Dinner...per Meal...\$2.00...per Month...\$60.00 SPECIAL TIPPINGS and DINNERS served in Excellent style at short notice.

W. THOMAS, Proprietor. Hongkong, 14th June, 1894. [137]

MEE CHEUNG, PHOTOGRAPHER, TOP FLOOR OF ICE HOUSE, 10, Ho-Ho Road.

It is now a position, in his New and Commodious Premises, to receive and execute ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC ART PRACTICED in the Colony or in any part of the Far East. GROUPS and VIEWS a specialty. Hongkong, 22nd September, 1894. [139]

Caldebeck, Macgregor & Co., WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANTS, HONGKONG, SHANGHAI, LONDON AND GLASGOW. 13, Queen

